THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 22.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. xiii—Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1-3. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

In the next two verses he says that no manner of testimony or service amounts to anything apart from love. As "love" and not "charity" is the proper word, and it is so translated in the R. V., we will use it through this lesson. These first three verses might be summarized as—Love versus prophesies, tongues, knowledge, faith, goods, etc., and the whole chapter might be called, Love contrasted, analyzed, defended. It is said to be the only chapter in all Paul's epistles that does not mention Jesus in one or other of His titles, but it is a portrait so wonderful that one cannot fail to recognize the likeness even without the name. The Lord Jesus combined all in Himself, the picture is His, and without Him we are nothing and can do nothing (Rom. vii, 18; John xv, 5). Until we are born again and thus become children of God nothing counts that we do, for "they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii, 8). Then after we are born again only that which God works in us will count, as we saw in last week's lesson, and "God is Love" (I John iv, 8, 16). Note the oft repeated I, I, I of these verses and contrast Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xv, 10, "Not I, but Christ who liveth in me;" "Not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

4-7. Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunted not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

What a perfectly beautiful section we have in these four verses, two of which we have quoted. Such love was never fully seen on earth except in Christ Jesus, and only as He fills and lives in us can it be reproduced. Try to imagine a person who is always patient, never in word or look or act unkind, never in any way jealous or self seeking, never under any circumstances provoked (R. V.), never thinking or saying evil of any one, rejoicing only in things true and lovely and always meekly bearing, patiently enduring and ever hoping for the best, with a firm faith in God. It is too altogether lovely to come from earth, and it is not of earth; it is wholly heavenly. It is a description of Him who came down from heaven, who while He lived on earth for over thirty years was at the same time in heaven (John iii, 13), of whom it is written, "Yea, He is altogether lovely" (S. of Sol. v, 16).

8. Love never faileth, but whether there be prophesies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away.

He says: "I am the Lord. I change not" (Mal. iii, 6). He who says "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" is the One who said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And He is the same yesterday, today and forever (Heb. xiii, 5, 8; Jer. xxxi, 3). There will be no more need of prophecy, for every prophecy shall have been fulfilled. There shall be but one language, and all we now know by the word of God shall be actually realized in the kingdom.

9, 10. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

All that we know is found in the word of God, and there is to every statement and truth in such breadth and length and depth and height that we shall never while here grasp fully all that there is in any utterance of the Spirit. We may well say concerning all we have as yet learned, "Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him" (Job xxvi, 14, R. V.). "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv, 18).

11, 12. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

When once the light and glory of heaven shine in our souls, the things which once occupied and interested us seem as the toys of childhood, and we wonder how we could ever have wasted our time on them. Yet all our knowledge is but partial. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, and not till He shall appear shall we be like Him (I John iii, 2). The question is often asked, Shall we know each other in heaven? Is not the answer found here? We do not know any one fully here, but we shall know them fully there, and those whom we know here we shall surely know better there. It refers to people as well as to truths. As Peter knew Moses and Elijah without an introduction, so I believe it shall be.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.

Faith looks to the great sacrifice for pardon, love to a risen Christ gives us fellowship with Him in suffering and service, while hope looks to His coming again. In I Thess. i, 3, 9, 10, we see how they turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven, and so we read of their work of faith, labor of love and patience of hope. The love of God is the greatest thing we ever heard of, the greatest thing ever seen on earth (John iii, 16; I John iii, 16; Rom. v, 8), and yet of all things the least understood or appreciated. On our part the greatest thing is faith, for "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi, 6), but love is the foundation of our faith, as it is written, "We have known and believed the love which God hath to us" (I John iv, 16).

Chickamauga.

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHEL, U.S.A. RETIRED. AUTHOR OF "CHATTANOOGA" ETC.

After imparting his information Maynard went to his own camp, called for his horse, and buckling on his saber and pistol rode back to the camp he had left. He arrived just in time to join a reconnoitering party starting to ride over the ridge in the direction of Rin-

Tearing up the flooring.

gold. Being in a private's uniform, he was not recognized by the men—his appearance was much changed by the loss of his beard—and fell in with the last files as though he belonged to the troop.

The squadron trotted up the road leading through a gap in the ridge and stood on a summit overlooking the Pea Vine valley. By the light of day Maynard looked down upon the landscape he had seen a few hours before; but, ah, how changed! Ten thousand men in gray were coming across the valley.

It is a solemn sight at any time to see an army moving to strike a foe. There was something in the silent movement—too far for him to hear the tramp of the men advancing over the intervening space, still wearing its summer robes of green—to remind him of a thundercloud rising in a clear sky. There were compact columns of infantry steadily marching, while on either flank cavalry trotted forward, head up, like a troop of lions over jungle. Occasionally there came a confusion of distant sounds—orders—mere murmurings preceding the storm. The advancing host seemed rather a troop of specters, moving with the wind, an army of malicious spirits coming to scatter a plague from their still silent weapons.

This fancy vanished with the first few shots from the skirmishers. They were too real, too spiteful, to attribute to any but human agencies. Back goes the thin line of blue before the scattered Confederates in advance, supported by thick columns of dusty gray. No skirmish line would care to stand against these columns coming silently, not yet in presence of a foe worthy of a volley.

Suddenly there is a rumbling, shouting, a lashing of horses in Maynard's rear. Turning, he sees a Union battery, drawn by horses, galloping up the slope from the bridge. Dashing into position, the horses are swung around, pointing the muzzles of cannon toward the advancing host. The guns are unlimbered. There is a boom, followed by a shrieking shell arching toward the heavens and dropping with a sound like an exploding rocket over one of the advancing columns.

The shot produces a change in the disposition of the closely packed Confederates as a turn of a kaleidoscope alters the combination of colors. The closed columns halt, quickly extend wings on either side, joining tips, each while deploying, resembling the continued line, from tip to tip, of some huge distant bird. Now they are in line of battle and once more move forward, while the Union battery drops shells in their extended and less vulnerable ranks. Marching over open fields, crossing gulleys, now lost in a wood, to appear upon its other edge, bisecting creek and road, a slowly drawing coil, a line of the "ribbed sea sand," a streak of dust before a rising wind, the southerners move steadily forward. Before them the Union outposts give way, retreating under cover of their guns.

What are those funereal looking wagons driving up and being stationed at different points, those men, with a strip of red flannel about their arms, scattering themselves over the field? To the young enthusiast for war in the distance, who has been impatient to see a battle, these wagons, these men marked with red, composing the ambulance corps, getting ready to take care of dead who have not yet been killed, wounded who have not yet been hit, bring the first realization of what war means. There is none of the harsh music of battle about these grim looking wagons, these men waiting for victims, to brighten the eye and send the blood coursing through the veins. They go about their work in a methodical fashion that dampens ardor as water quenches fire. They mock a soldier's ambition for glory. There is something in the calculation, the preparation, to remind him that, after all, the gold lace, the feathers, the martial music, are but to cause him, like the pampered sacrifice, to forget what he is for—to be shot.

But Mark Maynard was a veteran and had seen all this before. He gave the ambulance corps a single glance, and then, looking toward a group of Union officers partly concealed from him by the smoke of the battery, saw one of them, with the stars of a brigadier general on his shoulder, peer northward through a fieldglass. Turning his eyes in the same direction, he could see a light cloud rising west of Ringold. He watched it and observed that one end of it was trending toward a ford, north of Reed's ridge. The officer soon shut up his glass, and in another moment aids were galloping away to give orders to retreat. A column of Confederates, extending for miles, were marching to the ford to turn the Union left, and no time was to be lost in getting the little force back to the bridge.

There is a quick limbering of guns, and skirmishers, cavalry, gunners, all hurry back over the ridge. At the bridge they find two regiments ready for any duty to which they may be assigned. They are directed to hold the ford to which the column of dust is moving. Protected in that direction, the force at the bridge awaits more confidently the coming of the advancing Confederates.

They have not long to wait. The skirmishers, a thin line of gray, are soon seen scurrying over the ridge like light scattered clouds before a "white squall." The main line of gray is still tramping over the Pea Vine valley, keeping the slow pace of their heavy guns. The Union men do not wait for the stronger force. They turn upon these skirmishers and drive them back through the gap to their more slowly moving comrades.

Mark Maynard, following with the rest, soon again found himself on the ridge. There, in the valley below, was the line of battle he had seen, but nearer, a crescent shaped line extending from the bank of the creek above the ford across the northern end of the ridge into the Pea Vine valley. Battleflags appeared above the line at regular intervals. Each one of 15 flags Maynard counted, indicating a regiment. He knew that the little Union force east of the Chickamauga could not stand against what appeared to be at least a division of infantry, with a very strong force of cavalry. Nor was he wrong. The scythe swung round as if moved by the arms of a Titan, mowing with its sharp edge the opposing Unionists. They were sent flying back to the bridge and hurriedly put themselves into a position to defend it.

They are ready for the storm when it breaks, meeting it with artillery and charges of cavalry. The Confederates are driven, but by this time their artillery has been got forward and posted at a point north of the bridge, where it can sweep the valley of the creek, the bridge and those whose purpose it is to defend it.

Now there is imminent danger. Will the little force on the east bank get over, or will it be cut off and captured by these overwhelming Confederates? It can only be saved by one portion charging the enemy while the others are moving by twos (the bridge will stand no more) across the structure.

Among those who charged and recharged to keep off the gray coats swarming upon them on that eventful morning, always in the advance, in the spitting line of foam that precedes the billow rolling upon the sand, Mark Maynard was ever present. As each wave rolled from the margin of the Chickamauga broke upon the southerners and receded a number of the Union troops had passed the bridge.

Maynard waited till every man was over. Then, stepping on the bridge, he joined a party who were tearing up the flooring to prevent the enemy from following. At last these left for the shore, and he remained alone. As board after board came up the Confederates pushed nearer, but still he worked on. Bullets sang to each other as they passed from east to west and from west to east, while the air was thick with interminable explosions. At last all was done that could be done. Whether his action had so excited the admiration of his enemies that they had no heart to shoot him or whether an overruling power would not let him die, he at last turned unhurt and joined his comrades.

He had been exposed as never before, as he might never be again, but he had not met death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NINETEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Seldom has an army been in a more critical position than the Army of the Cumberland at this juncture. The Confederates overlapped the Union front on the north by half a dozen miles, and between Confederates and the Chattanooga road leading from what was both the Union left and rear into Chattanooga there were only small bodies of cavalry. Bragg had but to overwhelm these, cross the Chickamauga and march a few miles westward to seize this road and throw himself between his enemy and that enemy's base—Chattanooga. It was his intention to cross Reed's bridge by 8 o'clock in the morning with one column, and Alexander's bridge, a few miles above, at the same hour, the two columns to join and seize the coveted road, attack Crittenden's left, while a third Confederate column, crossing at Dalton's ford, would attack him in front. Crittenden once crushed under these combined forces, as it was expected he would be by noon, the whole Confederate army was to overwhelm Thomas, still ten miles distant, leaving McCook, 20 miles away, to be finished later on.

There was nothing on the left to prevent the execution of this attractive plan but the two bodies of cavalry at Reed's and Alexander's bridges. Eight o'clock came, and they were not overwhelmed. The sun stood high over the valley of the Chickamauga, and still the Confederates had not crossed at either of these two points. The defenders of the bridges were a swarm of hornets flying in their enemies' faces, with many an effective sting. At noon they were still stinging. It was not till 3 o'clock in the afternoon that the defenders of Alexander's bridge were forced to give way, and those at Reed's bridge only retired on learning that the other had been captured by the enemy. So the morning and the afternoon passed, and when evening fell but 8,000 Confederates had been thrown across. What was to have been executed on Friday, the 18th of September, must be deferred till the next day. Will it then be too late?

The moon is lighting up the field, the woods, the summits of the two ridges inclosing the valley of the Chickamauga and 100,000 soldiers. The air is cold and crisp, and myriads of campfires are scattered over the valley as a reflection of the starry heavens upon the bosom of a lake. All night the moon gleams upon the steel of the two sleepless armies—the Confederates pushing across the Chickamauga, the Unionists marching to cover their unprotected left. Many a soldier casts his eye up into the serene heavens and remarks the queen of night looking down upon him, so pale, so cold, so dead, as if in mockery of his own animate being and prophetic of what may come for him on the morrow.

From the southward comes the tramp of dust covered men in blue. At their head rides one who before the sun twice sets is to take first rank among the heroes of Chickamauga. Thomas is leading his men from a distant point far beyond Crittenden to the exposed left and rear, to the Chattanooga road—the road commanding the line of communication of the Army of the Cumberland. It must be a forced march, for the time is short and the distance is great.

From the eastward the Confederates are pushing across the Chickamauga. Every available passage is occupied, but there is little left of the bridges, and it is slow and hazardous work at the fords. Large bodies of men are like streams. They flow easily across open countries, but become choked in narrow ways. Yet the work goes on. It is a long night—long for these men wading through water or standing in the chilly hours past midnight in wet clothing. It is an eventful night, for if they get across in sufficient force, and the way is still unblocked as yesterday, the fate of the Union army is sealed.

At midnight Maynard lay under a tree trying to catch some sleep. The exertion of the day would have brought it, for he was exhausted, but his position as to the army with which he had no place was burning him like a hot iron. A few days before, and he would have been leading his brigade through these stirring scenes. Now he was not even a private soldier. He was an outcast, a wretch too detestable for the respect even of menial cooks and strikers, of teamsters, of the grasping horde of army followers, whose object was to cheat the soldier and rob the dead.

The moon, finding a convenient opening in the boughs above him, looked at him in a way that in a measure quieted him. What an absence of turmoil on her surface! No guns roar in her valleys; no armies contend for the possession of her ringed ridges. The thought for a moment chased away his desire for oblivion. He shuddered at her nothingness. The scenes through which he was passing seemed far preferable. He was in the midst of man's coveted action. While that lasted he could not for long be plunged in despair. Thank heaven, he was permitted to seek solace in such turmoil, such roaring of guns and yelling of men as had come and were coming.

Toward morning his thoughts became less intense, less clear. The sounds coming from a troop of horses picketed near became more and more confused. The snores of men resting after a day of hard fighting lost their vigor. The branches above him twined indistinctly. He slept.

He was awakened by the sound of a gun. It was broad day. He started up and listened. Then came another dull boom, then another, and in a few minutes there was the rapid firing of a battle on the left. Surely that is not the little body of cavalry in whose ranks he had fought the day before.

Mounting, he rode toward it through a partly wooded, partly open country. The fields were gray, but the woods were still green. Then there was the odor of the morning in the country and the chirping of birds hunting for their breakfast. It would not be long before that perfume must give way to the smell of gunpowder, before the chirping of the birds would be drowned by the sounds of musketry and artillery.

Meeting an aid-de-camp riding at full speed toward the south, he called out, pointing in the direction of the firing, which he could now discern was on or near the Chattanooga road:

"Who's there?"

"Old Pap, with two divisions."

Maynard uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"How did he get there?"

"Marched all night."

"Much force in his front?"

"You bet! I'm going for re-enforcements," and in a moment he was out of sight.

A courier came dashing from the opposite direction.

"What news from the right?"

"The head of McCook's column is at Crawfish Springs."

"Good. The army is safe for the present. The game is balked."

Striking the road leading to Alexander's bridge, he found himself in rear of the Union line of battle that had open-

"Leave these ranks!"

ed on the left. A force hurried by to the support of comrades at the front. The ground he was on had just been fought over and dead and wounded scattered everywhere. Entering a wood, he pushed forward through it. A young soldier, a boy of 18, was sitting on the ground, supported by a tree, gasping for breath. A red stream running down his bosom showed that he had been shot through the lungs. "You are thinking of home, my boy," muttered Maynard and pushed on. An officer lay in his path and begged him for what the wounded crave so eagerly—water. Maynard rode about hunting for a stream or a spring. At last he found what he sought, and filling a canteen rode back to where the man lay. He was dead. In his hand he held a picture of wife and two little children. Within hearing of the booming in front and shells cutting the trees above him he had passed from the harshest through the gentlest of human feelings to the eternal peace.

Riding on, Maynard met an officer he had known intimately. Without thought of his altered condition the degraded colonel waved his hand in salute and cried out, "How goes the battle, major?" The officer passed by with a look which Maynard never forgot. It sent the hot blood mounting to his cheeks. He could have cloven the man's skull with his saber. But there was no need of that. Was there not an enemy at the front? Yes, and there was death. He dashed on and arrived at one of the hottest points on the left just as a line of cavalry was moving to a charge.

Joining them, he rode down into a storm so wild, so fierce, so full of destruction that surely he thought the coveted death must come. But the gaps in the ranks were to his right, to his left, anywhere, everywhere, except where he rode. And when the troopers with whom he fought came out of the fight Mark Maynard was still among the living.

So opened the battle of Saturday, Sept. 19. Throughout that day Maynard rode wherever he saw that grim specter hovered. At times he was with the cavalry, at times he would dismount, and leaving his horse in the rear go forward with a musket. On one occasion, catching the enthusiasm of battle, he was forgetting his misfortune when the officer of the regiment with which he fought recognized him. The two had been at enmity.

"Leave these ranks!"

Maynard turned, saw that he was addressed and who addressed him. Throwing down his gun, the hot tears bursting from his eyes, he turned away. Again he was tramping through a cornfield on the flank of a regiment when he saw a division general inspecting the men as they passed forward to an attack. He recognized the general who had sent the spy to him. Their eyes met. Maynard had by this time come to see through the device by which the other had led him into his present position and regarded the officer steadily. The man turned his horse's head and galloped away. There was one man in the army who did not care to look him in the eye.

The day passed with a succession of blows upon an army still too "strung out" for its own good. But they were all successfully resisted. Wherever a place was weak some brigade or division was sent to strengthen it, usually leaving a place where it had been. But all points were strengthened in time. All damage repaired, at least the damage on which hung defeat. The damage to the dead and thirsting wounded scattered along the line for miles could never be repaired. It could be counted and laid down accurately in the official reports, but who can count or repair the hearts broken with every charge, every defense!

And so the sun went down over a field on which there was no victory, no defeat, only suffering and death.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMING OF THE RESERVES.

The night has come again. The smoke has rolled away from the battlefield of Chickamauga. There is neither sound of cannon nor musketry, except here and there an occasional picket firing. There is another sound within the dark forest where Thomas' men are resting—the sound of the woodchopper's ax. The commander in chief of the Confederates hears it and knows, with a general's quick perception, that another chance of destroying his enemy is passing. He cannot enter the forest at the dead of night to stop that chopping, and he knows as he hears hundreds of axes replacing the more appalling sounds of the day with the clatter of their blades, and now and again some great tree crashing through its neighbors, that by morning his enemy will be intrenched behind breastworks.

Maynard bivouacked on Thomas' line. The two armies lay too near to each other to light telltale campfires, and as all equipage had been sent to the rear and blankets were scarce the army spent the night shivering. The wood was too thick to see anything above the lower branches. The men needed sleep, but it would be as easy to sleep on the battlefield as in the continuous clatter of those axes. Besides distrust had come upon the whole army. It was an anxious night to the generals, and the men partook of the solicitude of their commanders. It was known that the enemy had been re-enforced from Virginia, Knoxville and other points. It was rumored that Burnside was coming, but Burnside did not come. To a natural fatigue was added that more appalling weariness of being constantly in the presence of death and the certainty that when the soldier should rise in the morning the grim specter would rise with him to haunt him for another day.

There is a streak of gray in the east. The commander in chief of the men in gray listens for the sound of guns in the hands of those he has ordered to begin the attack at daylight and which are to be signal for others. The streak broadens; day comes; the sun rises; it is 8 o'clock. Still all is silent along the line. It is only a mistake, only an order not received or understood by the general who was to lead off, but in that mistake is involved possible failure. With all the vaunted generalship on the field of battle what is it, after all, that turns the tide except the mistakes?

Mark Maynard on that Sunday morning was lying with his body in the dirt and his head on the root of a tree. He dreamed that he had just come in from making a charge at the head of his brigade and was approaching his commander to report a glorious success; that the general said to him after thanking him for his achievement, "Colonel, it will give me pleasure to recommend you for promotion to the rank of brigadier"—

"General!"

He awoke and saw Jakey Slack looking down on him. It was he who had spoken the word "General!"

"General," said Jakey as he saw his friend's eyes open, "it's ben a d——d hard fight."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]